The Sketch

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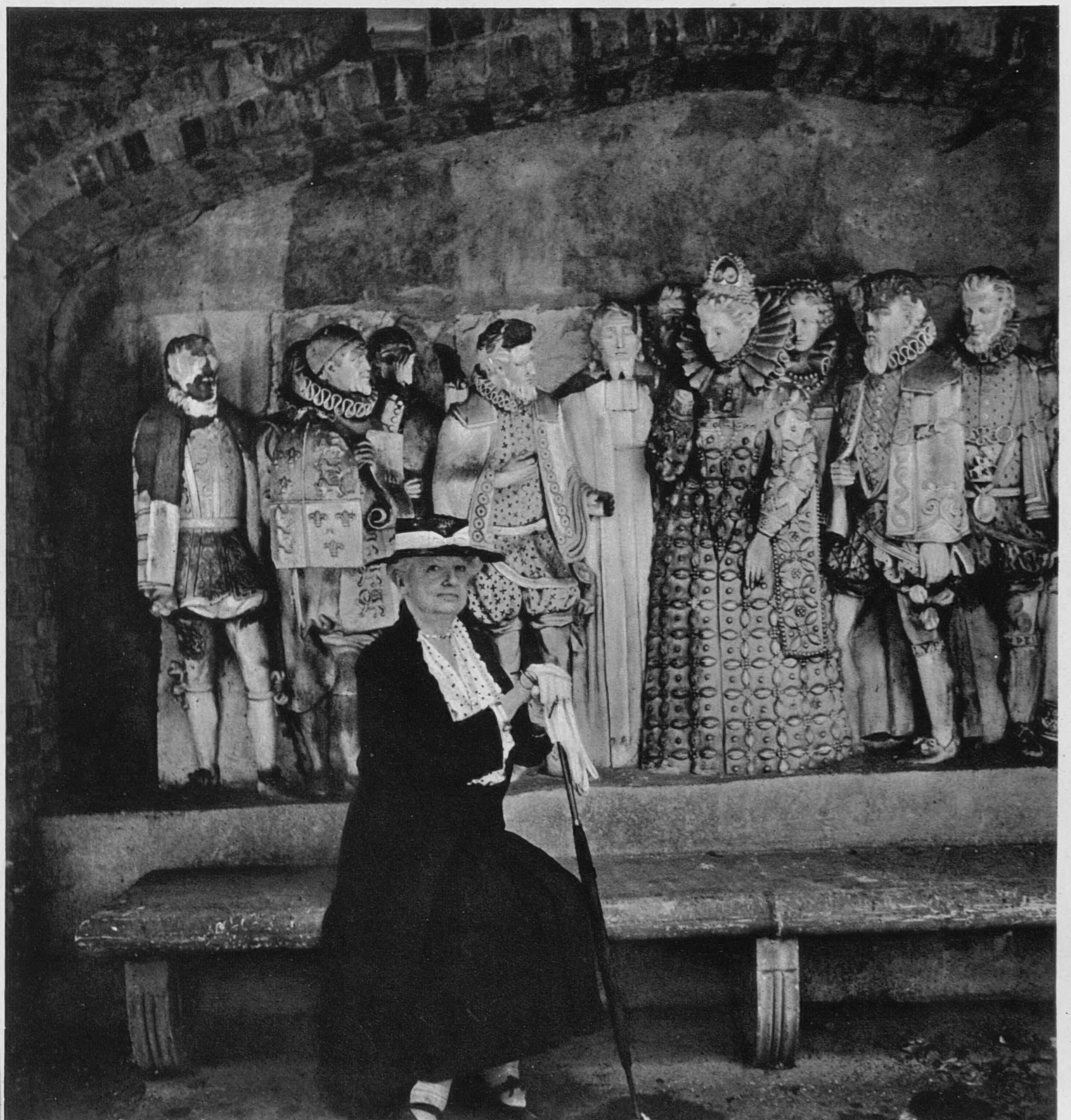


ANCESTRAL BACKGROUND AT HATFIELD.

The MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY, *wife of the fourth Marquess of Salisbury, is posed in the grounds of Hatfield House, in front of a group of statuary, representing Queen Elizabeth surrounded by her counsellors. These include William Cecil, Lord Burghley, her celebrated Lord Treasurer. His second son, Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, was the founder of this branch of the great Cecil family. Lady Salisbury, who was Lady Cicely Gore, is a daughter of the fifth Earl of Arran. She and Lord Salisbury have two sons, Viscount Cranborne, P.C. (first Baron Cecil of Essenden), Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Lord David Cecil; and two daughters, Baroness Harlech and the Duchess of Devonshire.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Siberia in England. Murder will out. Cats will come popping out of the bag. Skeletons will tumble out of cupboards. And thus there comes a time when even censors will allow the guilty secrets of nature to be revealed. We are now authorised to divulge to Dr. Goebbels, who would never have guessed it for himself, that it has been a pig of a winter in England. Indeed, until recently, though there have been some hopeful signs, it has continued to be pig-like—or, at the very least, mule-like in its obstinacy. I read accounts, now first "released," of Alpine conditions which prevailed not long ago in Yorkshire and Scotland, of blizzards at 50 miles per hour, of buried trains and obliterated roads, of villages cut off from the world and of supplies delivered by sledge and aeroplane. Many a time in these past months I have been tempted to envy the troops on the Russian front and to think how nice and cosy the inside of a tank must be.

"*And don't keep saying* 'Faîtes vos jeux!'"

DRAWN BY CHURCHILL.

Tra-La! But now there are snowdrops, crocuses, daffodils and even primroses. Nay, the inevitable harbinger has written to *The Times* announcing that he has heard a chiff-chaff. How comforting to feel that chiffs still go on chaffing despite all the horrors of war! And that no persecution of nature can discourage the delicate crocus! I cannot sufficiently admire the gallantry of these frail creatures. Looking round my garden when the late frosts were doing their worst, and seeing no sign of life, I feared general devastation. The least gleam of sun, the merest hint that the enemy is weakening at last, and all the green shoots come thrusting up, cocking snooks at the retreating figure of their tormentor. Indomitable, these fragile creatures which can perish at a clumsy touch but which all the malice of nature is powerless to destroy! And so, my dear brethren, when the winter of our discontent is heavy upon you, and the wind from the east—the Far East—is very bitter, think upon the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, and be a little snowdrop or crocus in the home circle. Here endeth the lesson.

Too Much of a Good Thing. If "news" about the behaviour of our climate is at last released, this does not mean that all bans are lifted. On the contrary, there have been warnings that the muzzle of Regulation 2D. might be applied to certain Watchdogs of the Press if they developed symptoms of rabies. I say nothing about the merits or demerits of the particular case; but it has aroused all the old controversy about the freedom of the Press—always a delicate matter in war-time. I suppose that, as a journalist, I should demand complete freedom of written opinion; but I find it difficult to bring myself quite to that point, though doubtless it is very heroic and strikes a fine dramatic attitude. We all know that democracy is fighting for, and must fight for, liberty of opinion, and we would rather have any kind of Blatheritis than the arthritis of a State-controlled Press. But I am afraid it is also true that one of the weaknesses of democracy is that it often suffers from too much of a good thing.

Free as Air. I suppose there is no country in the world where the Press is as free as in America. Admirable; and I suppose it is also a high tribute to the democratic spread of education that every day in the United States some 21,000 newspapers are published and about 50,000,000 copies of them are bought. Simultaneously, some 700 radio stations are competing for the public ear, and innumerable weekly and monthly periodicals are offering their opinions on every conceivable question of the moment. All very fine and democratic; but one result unquestionably is that any irresponsible person can utter any irresponsible opinion, and he can always get plenty of other irresponsible persons not only to listen to him but to send telegrams to their Congressmen, and to form "pressure groups" which may give entirely disproportionate weight to the views of minorities. It was in this wise that the curse of Prohibition was inflicted on America.

Telling the World. At the present moment, it seems, the cry is all for "action." Things are going badly, and the popular American Press is vociferously calling on the Government to "do something." Not an unreasonable desire; but if there is one thing certain in war, it is that campaigns cannot

"*Do you know any sea-shanties, Harry?*"

DRAWN BY TERNENT.

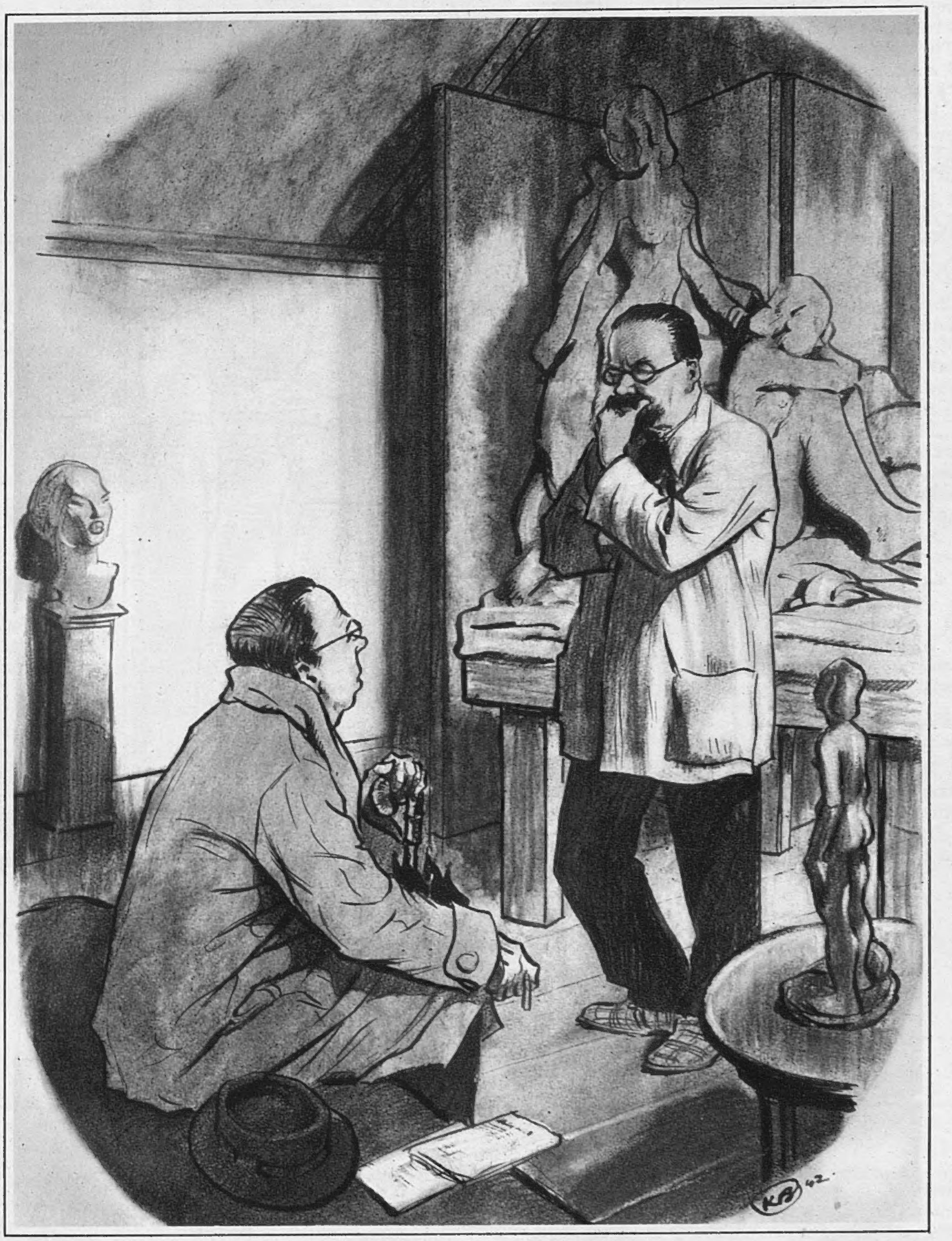
be conducted by popular clamour in the newspapers. Popular clamour, indeed, is a General who invariably plays into the hands of the enemy. He has been advertising himself a good deal here as well as in America. He is at present conducting numerous brilliant offensives in different parts of Europe. If other and less vocal soldiers are contemplating any such move, General Clamour is certainly doing his best to take the enemy into our confidence. There are two ways of looking at free speech. There are those who value it because with a great price bought we this freedom. But there are also those to whom "free" means costing nothing, and who value nothing which costs nothing.

Waisting Disease.

On one thing, at least, there is unanimity in our free Press. I wish all the columnists and paragraphists would not keep on talking about "belt tightening." In ordinary circumstances, this general prospect of slimming would be hailed with delight by large sections of the community — in fact, this result, for which many have striven so long, so anxiously and so vainly, is one of the solid compensations of war-diet. For instance, it now seems that potatoes, once regarded with dread by the entire feminine population, are actually good for the figure. But don't, please, let us return to wasp-waists. Anything less reassuring, when one is hungry, than to throttle one's middle I cannot imagine; I should have thought the right technique was to stuff in a cushion or a hot-water bottle, to produce the illusion of repletion. And suppose one does not wear a belt—as few of us do? I presume taking a reef in one's braces won't help one to face the hardships of the blockade? No, no! Let us not think upon contracting belts or sagging clothes, but upon all these jolly, life-giving, vitaminiferous vegetables that we are seeding out! Lord Woolton says we must all become vegetarians, and if you insist on an expanded belt, it may be some comfort to your morbid taste to know that many vegetarians are quite rotund of form. Dwell upon that, and don't say to Lord Woolton—

> If he is content with a vegetable love,
> Which certainly wouldn't suit me—

because you will find that it will suit your chassis admirably.



"Now, as one sculptor to another, how are we going to symbolise the figure of Victory this time?"

DRAWN BY KENNETH BEAUCHAMP.

Spit and Polish.

Since it is notorious that an army marches upon its belt, let us hope that the Services will not have to do any tightening. But, tight or loose, a soldierly belt must be kept polished—or so, at least, a good many of us were brought up to believe. Apparently we were wrong, according to all the most advanced strategists. "Spit and polish" is coming in for a good deal of criticism. Well, it was always a hard taskmaster, though an invaluable text for the daily grouse; and doubtless, under unintelligent direction, it can be a bore and a tyrant. But when I am told that the modern warrior is such "an intellectual chap," like Private Willis, that he has a soul above personal smartness, I take leave to doubt. There have, assuredly, been many soldiers who were far better in the battle-line than on the parade-ground, but, as a general principle, the man who is slack about himself is slack about most other things.

> All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
> All along o' doin' things rather more or less—

unless human nature has greatly changed, the old tag is still true, however intellectual our Army may have become. We are told, too, that close-order drill is fit only for robots and is resented by our modern individualists. Again I doubt. Contributing to a perfect concerted movement has a keen artistic thrill, a sense of vitality, all its own, and anybody who has entered into the spirit of it feels the very reverse of a robot. It has never made a bad soldier of a good one, and it has made good soldiers of many indifferent ones.

Golden Silence.

All the same, it is certain that the soldier of to-day is not to be treated merely as a marionette. The tediums and irritations of military life are many, and perhaps the greatest hardship for a soldier who wants to call his soul his own is the lack of privacy. I am glad to see that our Army education authorities are alive to this old grievance and are making experiments with Quiet Rooms for the troops. How golden this silence will be for the man who has so often felt that all the unaccustomed conditions would be tolerable if he could only get away, even for an hour a day, from the chatter and the everlasting gramophones and wireless and the "flux of company!" To write a letter or read a book, or just "nobbut sit," with no company but one's own thoughts—that is a luxury which the Army has never yet provided, and it is none the less welcome because it is overdue.

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It was a long time before our schools realised that this was a boon coveted also by the young, and many of them have not realised it yet.

Round Pegs. Exactly how intellectual our Intellectual Chaps are is apparently being determined by an elaborate system of Selection Tests throughout the Army. Enormous pains are being taken, by means of psychological tests which are familiar in American schools and universities, to discover the Intelligence Quotient and "aptitudes" of Thomas Atkins. The object is to find out the job, among the many specialised jobs in the Forces, for which he is best fitted. And then we have had a special Report on Skilled Men in the Forces, which has disclosed innumerable misfits. It may not be generally known that, long before this war broke out, a system was devised to be operated through Recruiting Officers, Military Interviewing Officers and Posting Officers, the whole object of which was to avoid the mistakes of the last war and to make sure that the round peg was fitted into the round hole. There was nothing wrong with the scheme, if it had been properly worked; but it has been bedevilled by every kind of inconsistency, and the result is that in the third year of the war we have to start all over again with pontifical Reports and professorial Selection Tests — which, I venture to predict, will cause much ribaldry in the ranks. We are a strange people!

Trop de Zèle.

What the I.Q. of the Home Guard is I do not know, but it is evident that the Old and Bold are not lacking in the essential military quality of imagination. When the Home Guard get their blood up in repelling an imaginary invasion, it is as well to take cover and not to argue. This is probably a difficult lesson for a spirited body of men like the constabulary to learn; they are not accustomed to being told to come quietly, on pain of getting a crack with a rifle-butt. At all events, at Tunstall, Staffs., the attack on the police station was conducted with such a degree of realism that half the gallant defenders appear to be now languishing in hospital. Obviously the prospect of knocking Bobby's helmet off and demolishing his very police station, without the least fear of legal penalty, is a temptation to "snatching a fearful joy" which not even the most law-abiding citizen could be expected to resist!

"*I like this work—it helps me to forget the war.*"

DRAWN BY PITTS.

History Repeats Itself? In the temporary "Bore War" in this island, there are many complaints of what Sir Stafford Cripps has called the "lack of a sense of urgency." Theatres and cinemas are full, we dance and frivol, and somehow gaiety whirls on. After many years of estrangement, I have been renewing acquaintance with "Vanity Fair." Here is a passage about Brussels when the fate of Europe was trembling in the balance. "In the meantime the business of life and living, and the pursuits of pleasures especially, went on as if no end were to be expected to them, and no enemy in front. . . . Our travellers . . . found themselves in one of the gayest and most brilliant little capitals of Europe, and where all the Vanity Fair booths were laid out with the most tempting liveliness and splendour. Gambling was here in profusion, and dancing in plenty: feasting was there to delight that great gourmand of a Jos: there was a theatre where the miraculous Catalani was delighting all hearers; beautiful rides, all enlivened with martial splendour; a rare old city, with strange costumes and wonderful architecture, to delight the eyes of little Amelia."

A few days later, on the very threshold of Vanity Fair, Waterloo was fought and won. But don't draw the wrong moral!

WASTE PAPER MUST NOT BE WASTED!

So long as the war lasts, waste paper will continue to be one of the most precious by-products of daily life. The need to save every scrap of paper and cardboard, every carton or box, cannot be sufficiently strongly emphasised, for these things provide essential material for munitions of war. Do not keep your old letters; do not hoard postcards, programmes or catalogues—turn them out of drawers and cupboards and let the Salvage collectors have them; and, above all, avoid the destruction of any scrap of paper, and you will be helping the country towards the goal of ultimate Victory.

Here's a GRAND PARADE OF SOME ROYAL AIR FORCE PERSONALITIES *caricatured by Fred May. There's no need to dwell on the good work being done by our youngest Service, or its ceaseless activities. Group Captain "Tom" Skeets is the son of a well-known soldier, and was himself in the Army before going over to the R.A.F.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

The thirty-fourth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

EVERY WOMAN'S RECIPES.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SWEET CORN SUITABLE FOR HORS D'ŒUVRE.

2 oz. pearl barley.	1 oz. margarine.
1 cupful of Oxo.	1 dessertspoonful flour.
	1 cupful of milk.

Put 2 oz. of pearl barley into a saucepan with one large cupful of Oxo (one cube diluted in water). Leave it simmering gently until all the liquid has been absorbed. When cold, mix the barley with a white sauce made of 1 oz. of margarine, one dessertspoonful of flour and one cup of milk. Serve it hot or cold as preferred.

ESCALOPPE AMIGONI.

Spam.	Breadcrumbs.	One turnip.
Flour.	Six carrots.	Margarine.
Milk.	Two onions.	Potatoes.

Cut the required number of slices, about ¼ in. thick, from a roll of tinned Spam; roll them in flour, dip them into milk and cover them thickly with breadcrumbs. Meanwhile slice up half a dozen large carrots, well washed and scraped, two large onions, and one turnip. Put the mixed vegetables into sufficient margarine or other fat to cover them and leave on a slow fire for twenty minutes or until tender. Fry the Spam in plenty of boiling fat over a quick fire until nicely browned all over. Arrange the vegetables in circular mounds on a dish, place the escaloppes on them, and serve with mashed potatoes.

COUPE BRULÉE.

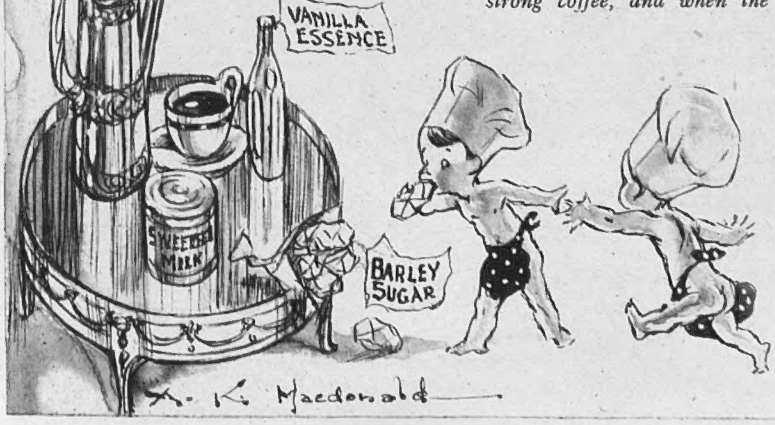
Two tablespoonfuls of Carrageen*.	4 oz. of barley sugar.
One tin sweetened condensed milk.	One cupful strong coffee.
Vanilla essence.	

Soak for ten minutes in cold water two tablespoonfuls of Carrageen. Take a medium-sized tin of sweetened condensed milk and dilute it with two parts of water, by volume, so as to obtain 1½ pints of milk. Put it on the fire and add one drop of vanilla essence and the Carrageen removed from the water; leave it boiling slowly for twenty minutes.

Burn lightly 4 oz. of barley sugar (or sugar if you can spare it), add one cupful of strong coffee, and when the two are thoroughly mixed pour in the condensed milk through a sieve. Stir it well and leave it in a cool place to set. Whip it slightly with an egg-whisk before serving.

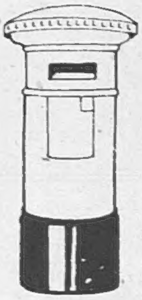
*Note.—*Carrageen is a dried seaweed which can be used as an alternative to gelatine.*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.



Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—When I was taking Perry for his walk on the Cliff Path yesterday, I met Mrs. Savernack hurrying down the hill, looking flushed and excited.

"I believe he 's a spy," she said, in a low and mysterious voice.

"Who ?"

"That old man over there," said Mrs. Savernack, rolling a round and excited eye in the direction of a seat on the edge of the cliff.

I looked and saw a benevolent old gentleman with a white moustache, gazing out to sea. He was wearing uniform.

'He looks all right to me," I said.

'He probably would," said Mrs. Savernack, with withering scorn. "Anyone would look all right to you unless they were doing the goose-step. Now, we 'll walk past slowly, and you must take a good look at him."

We walked past slowly.

"Well ?" said Mrs. Savernack.

"Do people have wound-stripes on their arms nowadays ?" I said doubtfully.

"Of course they don't !" cried Mrs. Savernack. "And they don't have rank-badges on their cuffs either, *or* breeches and leggings. Now we 'll go back again."

We walked past again, even more slowly this time, and the old gentleman began to look rather uncomfortable.

"His medal ribbons are in the wrong order!" hissed Mrs. Savernack into my ear.

"How clever of you to know !" I said, with deep admiration.

Mrs. Savernack gave me a pitying look. Just then the old gentleman took out his handkerchief and blew his nose with a loud, trumpeting sound. "He's signalling to a submarine !" said Mrs. Savernack, her voice shaking with excitement.

"Surely they 'd never hear that under water," I said.

"My good fool !" said Mrs. Savernack. "Now we 'll go and sit down on the same seat, and draw him into conversation."

"I shall laugh !" "Don't be feeble, Henrietta."

We approached the seat. The old gentleman, who had noticed our interest in him with increasing embarrassment, got up and went and sat on another seat, leaving his newspaper behind him. "He reads the *Daily Telegraph*, anyway," I said, "and what could be more respectable than that ?"

"It 's a blind," said Mrs. Savernack, and began walking firmly up the hill towards him.

The old gentleman, with a hunted expression on his face, got to his feet and hurried down a side turning which leads to the Street. "Run, Henrietta !" shouted Mrs. Savernack. "Take a short cut through the Admiral's garden. I 'll hold the fort this end."

"A benevolent old gentleman."

"The Admiral lowered me into the road."

The Admiral was digging a trench for beans as I rushed down the path. "What on earth are you doing, Henrietta ?" he said, leaning on his spade.

"It 's a Spy !" "God bless my soul ! Where ?"

"Going down Sea Lane to the Street."

The Admiral dropped his spade and padded down the path behind me. At the bottom of the garden we leant over the wall, and saw the Spy approaching at a jog-trot. He was blowing a bit, and kept looking furtively behind him. "Give me a hand," I whispered to the Admiral, and put one leg over the wall. The Admiral, with a groan for his lumbago, lowered me into the road, where I fell at the Spy's feet and twisted my ankle. The Spy gave a yell, and began rushing back to the Cliff Path, but there Mrs. Savernack barred the way like an avenging angel. With great spirit he turned in his tracks, and before I had time to get to my feet, ran past me down the road again and into the High Street, where he disappeared round the corner. At the same time the Admiral emerged from his garden door and Mrs. Savernack arrived panting from the Cliff Path ; but just at that moment some Soldiery from the Camp came swinging round the corner, and we had to stand on the kerb until they had passed. When we got into the Street, the Spy was nowhere to be seen.

The Admiral said that the only thing to do was to organise a systematic search, and we decided to begin with the Hotel. Mrs. Savernack was too angry to help me, but the Admiral gave me an arm and we set off.

When we arrived at the Hotel we went straight to the bar, and there, sitting on a high stool with his back to the door, drinking whisky and talking to one of the Lady Visitors, was our Spy. We gave each other triumphant looks and crept in on tip-toe, and took our places at the bar just behind him, where we could hear what he was saying.

"And how is your granddaughter ?" said the Lady Visitor.

"Prudence ? She 's all right," said the Spy, "but she *will* use my clothing coupons."

"What a shame !" said the Lady Visitor.

"And what she doesn't use her mother does," said the Spy. "I lost five good suits in the Blitz, and now I'm reduced to wearing the uniform I had in the last war."

"Three pink gins, please," said the Admiral to the barman, in a low voice.

"You look very nice in it, Major," said the Lady Visitor, who appeared to be one of those women who believe in making themselves pleasant at all costs.

"Funny place this," said the Spy. Then he leaned forward in a confidential manner and said: "Believe me or believe me not, I was chased—yes, positively chased—by two females on the Cliff Path this morning."

"I can't believe it !" said the Lady Visitor.

"Fact, I assure you," said the Major, twirling his moustache.

"Were they attractive ?" said the Lady Visitor.

"Not a bit," said the Major. "And, what 's more, they were old enough to know better."

We swallowed our pink gins and crept out as silently as we had come in. As we got to the door we heard the Lady Visitor say: "It must have been your uniform that attracted them, poor things."

Always your
affectionate
Childhood's
Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"'I was chased by two females on the Cliff Path this morning.'"

"AND THIS UTILITY CLOTHING SCHEME! I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT WE SHALL ALL LOOK LIKE."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

EVERY now and again an actor turns up in a supporting rôle whose personality is so strong, whose performance so individual, that he monopolises the attention of the audience every time he appears on the screen. Such a man was John Garfield in his first film, " Four Daughters." Such a man was Laird Cregar in " Blood and Sand." Such a man is Van Heflin in " JOHNNY EAGER " (Empire).

This Van Heflin is dynamite. He will have to be handled with enormous care. Otherwise he may prove a danger to half the leading men on the Metro-Goldwyn lot. No Adonis, rather slight in build, with an almost too-mobile face, he is that uncommon thing, a sardonic blond. He has a wiry savagery that is not without its charm. He can put over a good line like nobody's business, and even make a feeble line sound bright. This, I need hardly point out, has its dangerous side, since it tends to make anyone conversing with him sound like Van Heflin's stooge. He has another disturbing trick, too, which the producers will have to watch. He goes right on acting, whether he is in the camera foreground or not. This is all very well for preserving the illusion of reality in a scene, but, Van Heflin's acting being of the kind it is, it is apt to distract attention from the leading players.

He has appeared, of course, in several films besides " Johnny Eager "—you will remember him as the Harvard radical in " H. M. Pulham, Esq."—but this is his biggest opportunity to date. He plays a racketeer's henchman, an educated, fatalistic drunk. And that is one thing that worries me a bit. He plays a drunk so extremely well that I am disturbed lest Hollywood cast him in a long series of alcoholic rôles. I can't forget what happened to John Garfield when he proved he could play the perfect hobo.

Although " Johnny Eager " is to me Van Heflin's film, other people, far more celebrated, are starred in it. Robert Taylor and Lana Turner, for example. Mr. Taylor appears rather oddly as a racketeer, a bad-'un through and through. A convict on parole, leading an apparently blameless life as a taxi-driver, he is really the brains behind Marco Enterprises, a gambling ring with a greyhound track and other collateral activities. When work is done, when he has reported to the fatherly Parole Board, and earned a pat on the head, he slips out of his uniform coat into broadcloth of impeccable cut. He lies, he condones murder if he doesn't actually kill, he flits from dame to dame, he collects his dues, he holds the underworld just like that.

Miss Turner, a nice girl who is taking a course in practical sociology, meets him in the office of the Parole Board, and loses her heart. She quotes " Cyrano de Bergerac " at him, not knowing that Rostand is right out of his class. She is sorry for him, because he never had a dawg. "It tells the story of Johnny Eager so completely," she says. " He never had a dawg when he was a boy." She even picks up a gun and shoots a man who is attacking him, not realising, poor fool, that the attack is a faked affair, to get her father, the Public Prosecutor, into Johnny Eager's power.

Such a love, of course, is doomed, and so is Mr. Eager. A sudden change of heart at the last is not enough to save him from the retribution of the Hays Office. He has to die, riddled with gangsters' bullets, in the arms of the faithful Van Heflin, like a Chicago version of the last act of " Hamlet." " This guy," whispers Van Heflin, with tears streaming down his cheeks, " could have climbed the highest mountain in the world, if he 'd just started up the right one." Miss Turner, you will be glad to learn, is carried off to the Rockies, or somewhere, by a nice young man with money, a little foggy—as she might well be—about the whole affair.

" THE LADY HAS PLANS " (Plaza) is another of those fashionably flippant spy stories in which the Fifth Column is finally floored by the Fourth Estate. The scene is Lisbon—or, at any rate, that system of hotel rooms which is recognisable as Lisbon to patrons of the Hollywood film. The time is before America's entry into the war. The Plans are those of a radio-controlled torpedo. The important thing, though, the intriguing thing, is not so much *what* the plans are, as *where* they are. Actually they are printed in invisible ink on a lady's back. And when I tell you that the lady, who has arranged to fly to Lisbon with a forged passport, is delayed in the States, and that the actual owner of the passport (Paulette Goddard) innocently goes in her stead, you will begin to get an idea of the film's possibilities.

Sidney Royce, of the Union Broadcasting Company, arriving in Lisbon on a reporting job, doesn't take long to discover that several gentlemen are taking an inordinate interest in her back. She has hardly had time to change into something loose in Room 433 of the Bela Vista Hotel, when she is called on by a German agent (Albert Dekker) and a British agent (Roland Young). Both—the Britisher more tactfully, of course—suggest that she should drop her wrapper, a request that seems to her, to put it mildly, odd.

Singular, too, is the conduct of Sidney's broadcasting boss, Ken Harper (Ray Milland), who invites her to put on formal evening dress, and takes her out to dinner. Ken, as a journalist and a good neutral, has merely an academic interest in the plans —at first. But it doesn't take long for the interest to become more personal, and the clear eyes of love, of course, show him at once that Miss Royce can be no spy. Since there is, after all, no " story " in—or on—Miss Royce's back, the bright young newscaster sets about creating one. He tattoos the lady of his love—with her connivance, of course —with a design combining the principles of a barber's shop clipper with those of a harvesting machine. And off she goes to sell the fake plans to the agents of the Third Reich.

The rest of the film is concerned with the capture of the lovers by the Nazis, their imprisonment in the cellars of the Hotel Lenza, a hydro of sorts, where " tourists " are equipped with Portuguese passports for Dakar, and, naturally, their escape. In a triumphant climax, we see the real plans saved for the Allies, and learn with gratification that a certain Mr. Arthur Anderson, aboard the s.s. *Southern Queen*, must indefinitely postpone his rendezvous with the manager of the Lotus Hotel, Tokyo. " The Lady Has Plans " is an entirely preposterous piece, but it has neat comic moments and a glib finish, and most people, I think, will find it diverting.

Long ago as the Middle Ages, remote as Mars, seems the sort of life pictured in " WEEK-END IN HAVANA " (New Gallery and Marble Arch Pavilion). Yet it is a comfort really to be reminded of this opulent Technicolor world, with its gorgeous un-couponed gowns, its blazing lights, its careless prodigality of food and drink. In the present madness of the human race there is something almost sane in the sight of Miss Carmen Miranda wearing a headdress of grapes, bananas, oranges, lemons and pineapples.

The film is little more than a variation, with a different arrangement of players, of those earlier Technicolor musicals, " Down Argentine Way," " That Night in Rio " and " Moon Over Miami." (" Down Rio Way "—" Moon Over Havana "—" Week-end in Miami "—" That Night in Argentina "—practically any title would fit any of them.) " Week-end in Havana," perhaps, has the slenderest story of the lot. But the tunes are well up to standard, and the Technicolor, I thought, was arranged with particular judgment. I liked, too, the ingenious twist by which the customary sight-seeing tour is managed.

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by " The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

** Adelphi: " THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

** Apollo: " OLD ACQUAINTANCE." Edith Evans in John van Druten's play. Perfect acting.

*** Comedy: " RISE ABOVE IT," Second Edition. Burlesque revue with Hermione Baddeley; Hermione Gingold; Walter Crisham; Henry Kendall.

* Duchess: " SKYLARK." Well-acted comedy. Constance Cummings; Hugh Sinclair.

** Garrick: " WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: " THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

** Haymarket: " THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

** Hippodrome: " GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver; Jeanne Ravel; Celia Lipton.

* His Majesty's: " LADY BEHAVE." Glamorous speedy musical comedy. Bobby Howes; Sally Gray.

** Lyric: " BLOSSOM TIME." Richard Tauber sings in a Rodney Ackland play on Schubert.

** Palace: " JACK AND JILL." Pantomime. Arthur Askey; Florence Desmond.

** Palladium: " GANGWAY." George Black's Musical Smile; with Tommy Trinder; Bebe Daniels; Ben Lyon.

** Phœnix: " OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES." Superb evacuee comedy. Mary Clare; Phyllis Dare.

*** Piccadilly: " BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton; Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

* Prince of Wales: " HAPPIDROME." B.B.C. success put on the stage by George Black.

* St. James's: " THE NUTMEG TREE." Comedy with Yvonne Arnaud.

* St. Martin's: " JAM TO-DAY." Beatrix Lehmann in comedy.

*** Savoy: " THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

** Victoria Palace: " TWENTY TO ONE." Laugh-making racing musical play. Lupino Lane; Greta Fayne; Winifred Sloane.

* Windmill: Non-stop revudeville.

* Wyndham's: " QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to " Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

William Clemens directed the new Paramount—" Night in New Orleans" (Carlton, April 10), for which PATRICIA MORISON *as Ethel Abbott has had her hair blonded.* PRESTON FOSTER *plays the husband Steven Abbott, a New Orleans detective who tries to recover schoolgirl letters written by Ethel. But the recipient has been murdered just before his entry, and suspicion falls on him.——A beginning rich with promise for the comedy-melodrama of laughs and chills which follows.*

At the Regal Columbia's film " Texas " stars CLAIRE TREVOR *playing " Mike " King, ranch-owner, and* WILLIAM HOLDEN *as Dan Thomas. These pictures show a pretty introduction to the love-affair which develops. Dan, escaping from a sheriff's posse for a crime he has not committed, jumps on to a buckboard in which Mike is sitting, and pushes the prim, muslin-clad blonde into the back. This does not suit the girl at all. Lashing him with a whip, she tries to get his gun; the horses start off at a gallop, and run away, as Dan gives her another K.O.——*

Young Jay Williams (John Payne), trouble-fixer-up of a big South American shipping line, is rushed by airplane to Florida when a Havana-bound luxury liner strikes a reef. His job is to get " waivers " signed by the passengers, exonerating the line. All the passengers sign except Nan Spencer (Alice Faye), a resolute shop-girl. Nan, the type that wears foremen of juries to a shadow, refuses to put pen to paper until she has had her promised two weeks' vacation in Havana, with romance, music, southern glamour, and all the advertised inducements.

Baffled by this attitude, and by that pert nose, Jay compromises. He flies Miss Nan to Havana, instals her in the presidential suite of the most expensive hotel. His company can't guarantee that she will *have* a good time, he says, but they can at least expose her to a good time. The rest of the film is devoted to a study of Cuba's fashionable night-spots, to song and dance both *chic* and bizarre, to a southern tantrum or two, the usual fiscal misunderstandings, and, of course, a spot of love. It also features Carmen Miranda prominently, as the leading entertainer about town. This is the third screen appearance of the Brazilian Bombshell, and the customers will not find her failing in verve. Miss Miranda's speciality here is a dance called the nango, midway between tango and rumba in style. She also assures us in song that When She Loves, She Loves. Miss Faye sings too, notably a number called " Tropical Magic." She sings this twice, just to make certain it has registered.

*The innocent Steven, thrashing about for clues to the murderer, finds in Janet Price (*JEAN PHILLIPS*), singer in a gambling joint, a possible suspect.*

At the Odeon, in " REMEMBER THE DAY," you can see another beauteous young star impersonating old age in the interests of reminiscence and art. This time it is the lively Miss Claudette Colbert, who wears the spectacles and the dowager's hump. We meet her first as an elderly school-teacher at a banquet being given to a former pupil, who is now a Presidential candidate, and, we gather, the nation's coming man.

The painful prospect of Miss Colbert stooped and near-sighted doesn't last long, however. Soon the camera swings us back into the past. We learn that Miss Colbert, like Barbara Stanwyck in " The Great Man's Lady," was the moulding influence in the celebrity's life. We see her as a radiant young teacher in the days before the last war, and the candidate, a mere lad in the schoolroom, stammering out his confession of love for her. She, however, loves her fellow-teacher (John Payne), who presently goes to the war and gets killed, and there is little left for Miss Colbert through the plodding years but the memory of a summer romance, and the knowledge that she has inspired a future candidate for the White House. . . . A quiet film, homely, rather charming, and nostalgic.

——with this result.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THESE GIRLS, for looking so pretty in "utility" frocks.

Æsthetic shivers went rippling down thousands of elegant spines when the Government announced its wartime intention of sponsoring utility garments. The word suggested ugliness, adequate attire, as opposed to grace, trimness, chic. But here you have FOUR ATTRACTIVE GIRLS *to demonstrate quite otherwise. Far from having a mass-produced sameness, the hand of the dress-designer is evident in these frocks, which even have pleats and patch-pockets. In fact, if it were peacetime, and England a land flowing with wools and materials, would anyone consciously connect the word "utility" with these dresses, except in the satisfactory sense of combining wear-and-tear-ability with smartness?*

SIXTEEN YEARS OLD THIS MONTH.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ELIZABETH, *elder daughter of T.M. the King and Queen and heir-presumptive to the Throne, will celebrate her sixteenth birthday on April 21. This has been an eventful year for her. In February it was announced that the King had approved her appointment to be Colonel, Grenadier Guards. This is the first official position which her Royal Highness has occupied; and it is her introduction to the Army. It is also the first time in the history of the senior regiment of Foot Guards that a lady has been its Colonel. Last week it was announced that the confirmation of Princess Elizabeth had taken place in the private chapel of Windsor Castle. The then Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Lang) officiated.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO LISA.

BEST FILM OF 1941: "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY."

Mr. Morgan (DONALD CRISP) deals out allowances to his sons from the wage box. Coal-mining prospers and the money is good. Mrs. Morgan (SARA ALLGOOD) watches with pride.

The soul-destroying idleness of strike time provides one of the most moving sequences of the film. This "still" shows the Welsh village street, with the men standing in rows against the wall—nothing to do all day.

The Rev. Merddyn Gruffydd (WALTER PIDGEON) tells Angharad (MAUREEN O'HARA) that though he loves her, he is too poor to marry.

The loveless wedding: Angharad marries the wealthy mine-owner, Iestyn Evans (MARTEN LAMONT), to escape from her unhappy love-affair. They are to live in South Africa.

Tragedy underground: Mr. Morgan, trapped in the mine, is found by the Rev. Merddyn Gruffydd and little Huw (RODDY McDOWALL), but dies in his son's arms.

The romantic wedding: Bronwen (ANNA LEE) marries Ivor Morgan (PATRICK KNOWLES), and the whole village joins in the gala celebrations.

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY," the 20th Century-Fox Production based on the best-seller novel by Richard Llewellyn, has been awarded the "Oscar," or Gold Statuette, by the U.S. Motion Picture Academy for the best cinema direction of 1941. It was directed by John Ford, and has won six out of seven Academy Awards, as, in addition to being listed as the outstanding picture of 1941, it is labelled as having had the best direction; the best supporting rôle by Donald Crisp; the best art direction; the best interior decoration; and the best black and white photography. The film will shortly be seen in London and is likely to rouse great interest.

Tragedy at the pit-head: The Rev. Merddyn Gruffydd and Mr. Morgan break the news of Ivor's death to Bronwen.

BELGIAN-SWEDISH LONDONER.

MADAME BUSCH *is the Belgian wife of a Swedish magnate. She is a pianist and an artist and has taken an active part in the decoration of her London house, as she has painted the bathrooms, several screens and so forth. She does not believe in the ultra-modern ideal of austerity in her surroundings, but has a big collection of china and bric-à-brac, and is always surrounded by quantities of flowers. On occasion she mixes real and artificial blossoms to achieve decorative effects.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

FRED EMNEY and CYRIL RITCHARD *in one of their entertaining songs.*

Below: Two of MR. COCHRAN'S YOUNG LADIES *in one of their numbers.*

The fascinat… corset: BEAT… *window in…*

Right: Shakespeare burlesque: BEATRICE LILLIE *and* CYRIL RITCHARD *in "Macbeth."*

BEATRICE LI… Song," … of …

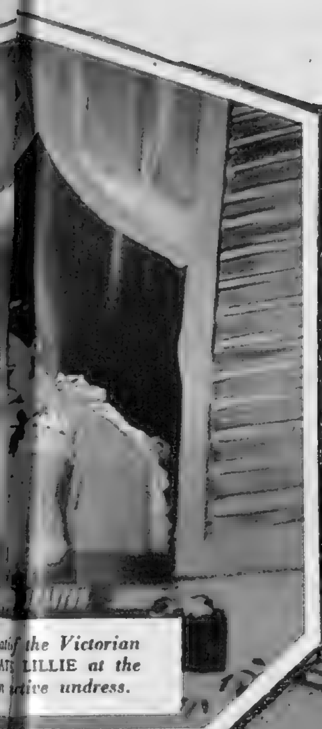
The Greek scene from "Heigh-ho, the Merrio," with MADGE ELLIOTT *and an array of Attic beauties.*

PATRICIA BURKE *and the Dutch dancer* YOMA *in "Flamingo," a number with an Oliver Messel décor.*

PHOTOGR…

C. B. COCHRAN AND FARJEON REVUE: "THE BIG TOP" OPENS AT LIVERPOOL.

N.B. Colour plate…



...of the Victorian
...LLIE at the
...ctive undress.

...IE giving "Paris
...the most successful
...llent numbers.

Below: MADGE ELLIOTT and CYRIL RITCHARD in "Let's Get Rid of the Dirty Song."

CYRIL RITCHARD and BEATRICE LILLIE in "India," a take-off of a suburban Operatic and Choral Society production.

Left: Inspiration from Africa. The colourful Witch Doctor scene from "Heigh-ho, the Merrio."

A burlesque of an Operatic and Choral Society show: BEATRICE LILLIE and FRED EMNEY in "India."

Mme. Récamier on her famous sofa: BEATRICE LILLIE in a brilliant piece of burlesque.

BY ROYE.

Herbert Farjeon and Charles B. Cochran have combined in "THE BIG TOP," just produced at the Royal Court, Liverpool, to devise a revue likely to hearten up the wartime world with its mordant wit, gaiety and charm. The show's on the lines of intimate revue, since patriotic necessity forbids any over-lavish, spectacular scenes, but Oliver Messel, Doris Zinkeisen, Rex Whistler and Joseph Carl have provided extremely good *décor*; and the principals, Beatrice Lillie, Cyril Ritchard, Fred Emney and Madge Elliott, are all at their best. Patricia Burke, daughter of Marie Burke, is another charming member of the cast; the dancer Yoma appears in two lovely scenes—and, of course, there are Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

...rted in this issue.

MRS. WOOD AND HER TWINS JOIN UP.

Three attentive listeners: MRS. WOOD and her twin daughters, JOAN (left) and MURIEL, at a lecture.

"Eyes left!" JOAN, MURIEL and MRS. WOOD drilling when on their training course.

Looking out the route before going for a trial run: MURIEL (centre) with MRS. WOOD and JOAN.

MRS. DOROTHY WOOD, aged thirty-seven, and her eighteen and a half year old TWIN DAUGHTERS MURIEL and JOAN used to run a riding school at Nottingham. When war broke out the school was closed, and the Woods joined the Land Army. Later they worked for several month driving lorries for a firm of contractors to the R.A.F. When the contract finished they unanimously decided to join the A.T.S., and all went through their training, for work as driving instructors, at the same station. Mrs. Wood's other child, a boy, is training in the Merchant Service.

Learning "why the wheels go round": MRS. WOOD, JOAN and MURIEL study mechanics.

The WOODS "go to it": MRS. WOOD jacking up a heavy lorry, while JOAN and MURIEL trundle the great tyre along.

Just like home! MRS. WOOD serving lunch to her twins, JOAN and MURIEL, in the mess at the A.T.S. training centre.

"REMEMBER THE DAY": *Dewey Roberts* (DOUGLAS CROFT) *tries to convince teacher Nora Trinnel* (CLAUDETTE COLBERT) *that baseball is more necessary than Shakespeare.*

Baseball coach Dan Hopkins (JOHN PAYNE) *successfully explains the importance of sport to the new teacher, Nora Trinnel—and falls in love with her.*

Halcyon days of a schoolteacher's holiday: Nora Trinnel—wearing a smart 1917 bathing-suit, with stockings—spends her vacation with Dan Hopkins.

"REMEMBER THE DAY," due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on April 6, presents Claudette Colbert in the opening sequences as an elderly woman anxious to see politician Dewey Roberts. Time flashes back, and she is a schoolteacher, who falls in love with Dan, the baseball coach, while her young pupil Dewey adores her. Dan marries her on the eve of going to France with the Expeditionary Force, and never returns. Dewey becomes a leading politician, and when he meets his old teacher again she helps him to preserve his political integrity.

"JOHNNY EAGER": *Johnny* (ROBERT TAYLOR) *successfully blackmails John Benson Farrell* (EDWARD ARNOLD), *stepfather of Lisbeth Bard.*

Johnny Eager with his underworld associates intent on a big game. His henchman Jeff Hartnett (VAN HEFLIN) *stands behind him.*

Johnny Eager, the criminal, with the lovely Lisbeth Bard (LANA TURNER), *stepdaughter of the district attorney who sent him to jail.*

"JOHNNY EAGER," M.-G.-M.'s new picture due at the Empire on April 3, is a gangster story. Johnny Eager (ROBERT TAYLOR), ex-jailbird on parole, is apparently leading a blameless life as a taxi-driver, but o'nights he manages to control underworld gangs. Lovely Lisbeth (LANA TURNER), stepdaughter of the attorney who sent Johnny to jail, falls in love with him; and he frames her up in a crime so as to blackmail her stepfather. He repents of this evil deed, and in putting it right, loses his life.

FILM ROMANCES—SCHOOLTEACHER AND GANGSTER STYLE.

ROMANCE, WORK AND PLAY IN THE U.S.A. AND AT HOME:

Anglo-American reunion in the U.S.A.: R.A.F. CADETS H. MUNRO PATTULLO *(l.), of Calcutta, and* LEON CRAMER, *of Leeds, training at Arizona, meet* MISS MARY VIRGINIA GRIGSBY *and* MISS FRANCES BALDWIN *at Phœnix Horse Show.*

PILOT OFFICER TERENCE PATRICK MATTHEWS, R.A.F.V.R., *son of Major Thorold Matthews, is to marry Miss Anna Pauline Mathieson-Kirkness, on April 16. Before the war he was a film cameraman, and is a member of the R.A.F. Film Production Unit, Iver.*

MISS FLORENCE HANNAH WENSLEY HOLMES, *the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Holmes, of Wensholme, Pontefract, Yorks., is engaged to Captain Kenneth Frederick Brehaut, the only son of Major and Mrs. F. T. A. Brehaut, of Sarnia, Elstree, Herts.*

MR. W. WIXLEY *has the important job of finishing and inscribing Victoria Crosses, the most coveted of all awards. They are cast from bronze of captured guns, and bear the Royal Crown surmounted by a lion and the words "For Valour."*

MRS. DUDLEY RYDER *is the wife of Commander Robert Edward Dudley Ryder, R.N., who was in charge of the naval forces in the St. Nazaire raid. She was Miss Constance Green-Wilkinson, and is a bride of eleven months. Her husband is an Antarctic explorer and commanded the schooner "Penola" in the British Graham Land Expedition.*

MISS ENID STAMP-TAYLOR *put stamps on the Premier's photograph at the L.N.A. War Photographs Show in Warships Week. The big portrait was entirely covered with Savings Stamps.*

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF PEOPLE AND THEIR DOINGS.

The marriage of CAPTAIN JOHN KENNETH FOY, Lancers, elder son of the late Captain Martin Foy, the Queen's Regiment, and of Mrs. Foy, of Doves, Shalbourne, Wilts., to MISS URSULA MARY CLEVERLY, only daughter of Mr. O. S. Cleverly, C.B., C.V.O., Commissioner of Crown Lands since 1941, and Principal Private Secretary to the Prime Minister, 1936-9, and Mrs. Cleverly, of Kingswood Hanger, Gomshall, took place at Shere.

KING PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA opened the new offices of the Yugoslav Relief Society at 46, Piccadilly. PRINCESS ROMANOVSKY-PAVLOVSKY, formerly Lady Mary Lygon, Chairman of the Society, received him.

MISS ELIZABETH SINCLAIR, younger daughter of Sir Archibald Sinclair of Ulbster, Secretary of State for Air, and Lady Sinclair, is engaged to Captain A. M. Lyle, the Black Watch, youngest son of Sir Archibald Lyle, of Glendelvine.

MRS. HAROLD CLAYTON, well known as a caricaturist, under her pseudonym of "Sammy," is a ferry pilot in the A.T.A. and is wearing the smart and becoming uniform of this corps. She is the wife of Squadron Leader Harold Clayton.

Anglo-American reunion at home: the five singing Shirley sisters, ANNE LENNER, SHIRLEY LENNER, ROSA BUCKINGHAM, IDA WOODFORD and JUDY SHIRLEY (l. to r.), entertaining some American soldiers on leave in London.

MISS JOAN FONTAINE and MR. GARY COOPER have been awarded the coveted "Oscar" gold statuettes for the best film performances of 1941 by the U.S. Motion Picture Academy. Miss Fontaine won her honour for "Suspicion" and Mr. Cooper for "Sergeant York."

MARLENE IN HIGH-TENSION DRAMA: "MANPOWER."

MARLENE DIETRICH *as Fay Duval, who has just come out of prison. Her first call's at a drug-store—for some make-up!*

The wedding: Johnny (GEORGE RAFT) *disapproves of the marriage of his friend Hank* (EDWARD G. ROBINSON) *to Fay Duval.*

Left: Fay may be hard and "no good," but she honestly tries to make Hank happy after she has married him.

Fay, unfortunately, falls in love with Hank's friend Johnny and lets him know it, but Johnny just snubs her.

Fay looks like going to jail again when the Midnight Club is raided, but Johnny manages to get her out.

"MANPOWER," the new Warner Brothers picture which was due at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on April 3, stars Marlene Dietrich with Edward G. Robinson and George Raft in a triangle drama. Marlene is Fay Duval, bad girl who has been in prison, but, of course, she's not *really* bad, only unlucky. Hank, linesman of the Pacific Power and Light Company, marries her, and she tries to be domestic, but falls in love with his friend Johnny. Some high-tension drama follows; Hank is killed by an electric cable, and Johnny and Fay are left to console each other.

The fatal accident: Johnny and Fay with the dying Hank, who has slipped over a live high-tension cable when on duty.

"NO GOOD" GIRL ON DUTY.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S *rôle of Fay Duval in "Manpower" is that of the "no good" girl, hard, though beautiful. She has been sent to prison for a crime she didn't commit, and this has embittered her whole nature, so she takes a job as hostess at the Midnight Club, where customers—and hostesses, too—are consistently robbed by "Smiley" Quinn, the crooked proprietor.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM the novelist has never shirked facing painful or disagreeable facts in human nature, even when they occur in characters whom on the whole he likes; and this trait stands him in good stead when, as now, he is writing a chapter of the history of the war. It is a sad chapter, and the chief actors are people to whom Mr. Maugham is deeply attached: the French. In 1927 he made his home among them, "a square white house on the side of a hill on Cap Ferrat," and there he was living in the summer of 1939. "Strictly Personal" tells how, in his experience, France reacted, first to the threat of war and then to the war itself.

This being a matter of intense public interest, the book should perhaps have been called by another name, but, on the strictly personal side, it includes an account, in the author's best narrative manner, of his escape from Cannes on board the *Saltersgate*, a collier of 4000 tons, much too small, to put it mildly, for the 500 refugees who were crowded on her. (A sister-ship, the *Ashcrest*, of slightly lower tonnage, took 800.) "The conditions in the ship," Mr. Maugham says, "were dreadful. The food was insufficient and unsuitable" and "there was lavatory accommodation for a crew of thirty-eight." The hardships must have been appalling for the refugees, many of whom were invalids, nearly all of whom were used to living in luxury; death and madness took their toll. The party put in at Gibraltar for three days, but during the twenty they were on board they never took their clothes off. But, "from beginning to end, with few exceptions, this crowd of refugees behaved with coolness and courage. Social distinctions soon went by the board. Our common dirt did that."

Revised Opinions.

From the artistic standpoint, Mr. Maugham's description of this nightmare journey is the high-light of the book. It brings into play his sense of the harshness of life and the dramatically unexpected response that different people make to it. Equally absorbing and only a little less dramatic (for Mr. Maugham can create drama out of any incident) are his impressions of the state of France, before and after the outbreak of war. At the time, he admits, he did not interpret them rightly. Indeed, he wrote—

> a little book that was intended to show my fellow countrymen how great an effort the French were making to prepare themselves for the war. . . . In my book I told nothing that I hadn't seen with my own eyes. I reported my impressions as honestly as I could. Looking back now, I saw that here and there some chance remark, some casual incident, like straws in the wind that show which way it is blowing, should have aroused my suspicions. I could only blame myself because I had paid little attention to them.

"FARES, PLEASE!" *is a quotation from "Air of Glory," the newest Cecil Beaton volume of photographs, a wartime scrap-book issued by the Ministry of Information. This collection of fine dramatic specimens of the Beaton art is, as his Foreword says, "an attempt to make a truthful picture of how we live on our fair island after two years of this crusade."*

As Mr. Maugham observes, people who were in a better position than he to know the facts shared his "obtuseness"; but throughout his book one can trace signs of the irritation that anyone feels when obliged to revise his opinions in the light of after-events. Believing in the French as he did, one can imagine what it must have cost him to recall, as he now does, symptoms of defeatism and corruption, indifference in high places, discontent in low. Mr. Maugham is seldom a genial writer, for he is often aware of some injustice or stupidity in conventional opinion which it is his business to correct; but whereas in most of his books this acerbity has an astringent effect, here it occasionally seems irresponsible. And, towards the end, the usually rather lean and athletic contours of his prose take on an unaccustomed rotundity, and a note of complacency, almost of self-righteousness, is heard, most foreign to his usual tone.

Why France Fell.

This, however, is by the way. What the reader will want to know is this brilliant writer's answer to the simple question: "Why did France fall?" Here it is:

> I can sum up the cause of the collapse of France in very few words. The General Staff was incompetent; the officers were vain, ill-instructed in modern warfare and insufficiently determined; the men were dissatisfied and half-hearted. The people at large were kept ignorant of everything they should have been informed of; they were profoundly suspicious of the Government, and were never convinced that the war was a matter that urgently concerned them; the propertied classes were more afraid of Bolshevism than of German domination; their first thought was how to keep their money safely in their pockets; the Government was inept, corrupt, and, in part, disloyal. Is it a miracle that France was defeated? It would be a miracle if she hadn't been.

Whether this is the true explanation I do not know, but it could not be put more forcibly.

The Years Between.

"The Ghost in Galoshes" is a novel that I found at once enjoyable and irritating. Enjoyable because Miss Scott Johnston brings to her story of the years between the wars so much intelligence and culture and clear-sightedness; irritating because, possessing these qualities, she has little complementary sense of the mystery of life. The ghost might have provided it, the ghost who is always turning up with counsels of defeat and despair; he represents distrust of the brave new world, as well as of the heroine's rôle in it; he is a denial of the Utopia to be brought about by unremitting progressiveness. He is the enemy, the tempter, whose voice lulled us all into disastrous apathy. Had he been presented more subtly he would have given the book the half-tones that it needs, and Mary Jones would not have been what, as she becomes increasingly mistress of her fate, she tends to be—a mind without a shadow.

> What was the matter with her [she asked herself] that with all her acknowledged charm, her brains and good looks, her ambition and fine intentions, her ability and her desire to give good value for friendship, she was a failure and apparently unwanted? Was it not true that she lacked courage?

An Appetite for Experience.

With due deference to Mary's capacity for self-knowledge and self-appreciation, I don't think it was true. Expensively educated and then obliged to earn her living, she faced the future with a good heart and more than once gave up—which is surely a test of courage—a safe job for a precarious one that offered better prospects. This is how she came to join the staff of a weekly paper with a Fascist tinge, exchanging a comfortable billet for the hope (delusive, as it turned out) of literary fame. The Bloomsbury Press sacked her, as did the *Morning Express*; but not before she had practically made up her mind to leave them. Later she worked for the Peace Ballot, later again for the B.B.C.; she was ready to take on anything, and the reader cannot but be grateful for this insatiable appetite for experience, for it brought her into touch with some of the most interesting enterprises and personalities of the Middle Years—personalities which, with another touch or two, might almost be recognisable. As a critic of latter-day tendencies, especially in journalism, Mary deserves the greatest respect; her career, if unsatisfactory to her, is both entertaining and instructive to the reader.

The story of her heart is not quite so successful. Here again it was not courage that she lacked. It was a sound instinct, and not timidity, that prompted her to withdraw from at least two attachments. When the "tenth man" comes along she does not hesitate; indeed, she realises, with almost a mathematician's certainty, that this is the figure needed to complete her sum. Her approach to love is deliberate and abstract; John is not so much the object of her desires, the goal of her nature, as the darling of her mind; he is the fulfilment of her ideals rather than of her dreams. He represents what love ought to mean to a highly civilised woman of the late 1930's, and he, too, in contrast with several of the minor male characters, is a little abstract and unreal. When she says to him, after the air raid, "The horizontal period of architecture is gradually superseding the perpendicular," we get a glimpse of the artificiality in their relationship. Still, this is only a small flaw in an absorbing story which deserves to be taken, as it was written, in a serious spirit.

Climatic Influences.

"Death and the Dancing Footman" chose an opportune moment to appear, for the rigours of the past winter lend heightened effect to the blockade of snow round Highfield Manor and make the sense of isolation uncomfortably real. From the first the elements strike their menacing, unfriendly note, and it rings, a sombre undertone, through the book. Miss Ngaio Marsh has a splendid field for her powers of characterisation in the mutually antagonistic party which Mr. Jonathan Royal gathered under his roof, for every member of it hated at least one other—or had cause to do so before many hours had passed. It was a fertile soil for murderous thoughts to spring in, and the crop harvested was well up to expectations. Though the plot never flags, it is to the characters that the main interest of the book is due; it is more absorbing to watch events play upon them than to speculate upon the how, the why, or even the who. This is an achievement that demands a novelist of unusual talent—in fact, a novelist like Ngaio Marsh.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Strictly Personal. By W. Somerset Maugham. (*Heinemann; 8s. 6d.*)
The Ghost in Galoshes. By Marjorie Scott Johnston. (*Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.*)
Death and the Dancing Footman. By Ngaio Marsh. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)

In our issue of February 25 we gave the thirty-first of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR. This was by Wilton Williams, but the previous THIRTY PICTURES in our popular series were by DAVID WRIGHT. A fine example of Mr. Wright's work is published in this issue.

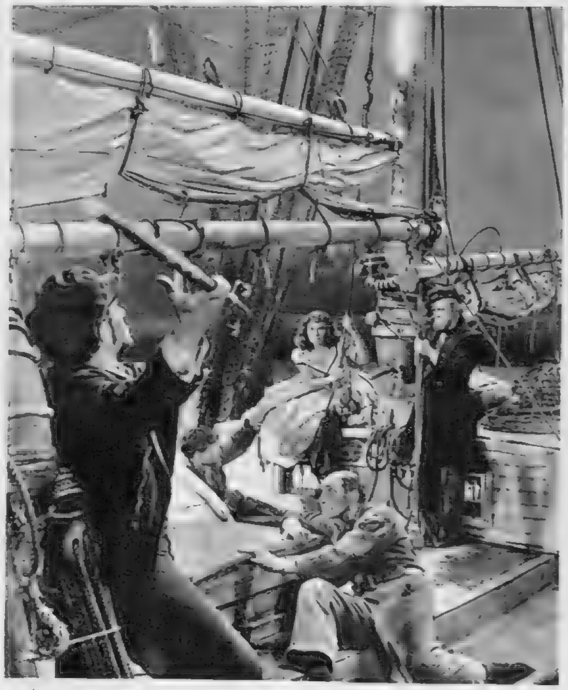
FLORIDA IN THE '40's: "REAP THE WILD WIND."

"REAP THE WILD WIND" is a thrilling Paramount picture in Technicolor dealing with America's fight to wipe out the pirate wreckers who swarmed in Florida in the 1840's. Loxi Claiborne (PAULETTE GODDARD), heroine of the story, is a great-hearted little hoyden, ready to fling off her Victorian petticoats and help to save shipwrecked men; yet able to hold her own in the brilliant, sophisticated society of Charleston. Stephen (RAY MILLAND), a fighting Charleston lawyer, and Captain Jack Martin (JOHN WAYNE), a dishonest sea captain, are rivals for her hand, and after a series of amazing adventures the lawyer wins the lady. "Reap the Wild Wind" is due at the Plaza on April 10.

RAYMOND MASSEY *as "King" Cutler, pirate and wrecker of the West Indies.*

Victorian hoyden Loxi Claiborne (PAULETTE GODDARD) *tears off her petticoats to get into oil-skins and help rescue passengers from a wrecked ship, while Mrs. Claiborne* (ELIZABETH RISDON) *shows consternation and Drusilla Alston* (SUSAN HAYWARD) *amusement! One of the exciting sequences of* "REAP THE WILD WIND."

Stephen (RAY MILLAND) *and Captain Philip Philpott* (LYNNE OVERMAN) *with a bunch of prisoners.*



Loxi mixed up in some very rough stuff—a fight aboard ship. Captain Philpott is on the right and is in grave danger at the moment.

A very neat way of disarming the man with the pistol! Captain Philpott saved by Loxi's quickness.

Under the sea! RAY MILLAND *as lawyer Stephen in a diving-suit explores a wreck, and meets a fearful enemy.*

MR. CRANFORD LOOKS AT THE EAST.*

By ROLAND WILD.

NOBODY will know what strange whim possessed his Excellency Mr. Su, Governor of Sun-King, to leave the arid but familiar valley in the north-east corner of China and visit England. And why, further, he went to Burford Widney is beyond human comprehension. Did the name appeal to his imagination ? Did he stick a pin in a railway guide and find he was committed to Burford Widney ? We shall never know. Mr. Henry Cranford, proprietor of the George Hotel in Burford Widney, was a man who habitually regarded all those who did not speak with the West Country burr as foreigners. Those who had travelled abroad he thought no better than they ought to be.

His Excellency arrived with quite a retinue. They were dressed in European clothes, good, sturdy blue suits in which they were highly uncomfortable. They were small and wiry, Mr. Su himself being only slightly stout. Mr. Cranford did not quite believe in them when he received the letter engaging all his six bedrooms and his only private sitting-room, and in the saloon bar that night gave it as his opinion that this was merely another leg-pull.

" Like that young fellow who arrived on a warship as an Eastern potentate," he said. " You know . . ."

They knew. But nevertheless the saloon bar was full the next night, and Mr. Cranford's news was eagerly asked for.

He had to admit, as if against his own wishes, that his Excellency had been genuine enough. Mr. Su had been preceded into the hotel by his staff, all of whom were inclined to give him obeisance on the slightest excuse. But after the first sight of them, he could no longer pretend that they were anything but genuine Asiatics.

Mr. Su regarded him placidly, with a half-smile on his face. Mr. Cranford, in spite of himself, addressed the illustrious visitor by his title.

" I trust you are satisfied with the rooms, your Excellency."

" Thank you, landlord," said Mr. Su. " They are very nice."

That was the full extent of the conversation that first day. It was enough for Mr. Cranford, of whom much was expected in the saloon bar.

" Queer, he was," said Mr. Cranford, when silence had been obtained. " You know—mysterious. Oriental. That 's how I would describe it. Oriental. You never know, with these Eastern people. Differently made from us, I suppose. And rich ? Rich as Crœsus, I 'll be bound."

On the second day there was every reason for Mr. Cranford's wonder and amazement. In the bar that night there was no need for him to make bricks out of straw. And he did full justice to the story.

At three o'clock in the morning he had been awakened by a tapping at his door. In answer to his call there was a quiet voice.

" Sir," said the voice, " his Excellency requires his room to be prepared. His Excellency would like the room to be vacated of furniture. You will arrange ? "

" Well, I never ! " said Mr. Cranford to himself.

Then the thought of the saloon bar that night overcame his indignation.

" Well, I never ! " he said aloud. " Wait a bit. I 'm coming."

The retinue of servants were on the landing, and the first surprise for Mr. Cranford was that they were all fully dressed. Naturally, they were " impassive " as ever.

" His Excellency wishes to conduct his prayers," said the head servant. " We shall put the furniture in the passage ? "

Mr. Cranford heard himself saying " Certainly."

They moved out the furniture—even the heavy sideboard that had been in its place until it had sunk into the carpet, revealed now as a violent puce, whereas it had for forty years been regarded as a pale rose-pink. One of the servants swept the room, and from outside there could be detected an acrid perfume that Mr. Cranford recognised immediately as joss-sticks. The servants were quiet and patient on the landing. They seemed to have forgotten the hour. And Mr. Cranford went back to bed. At eight o'clock in the morning, when he went with lazy steps to the landing, Mr. Cranford saw that the place was normal again. The servants were still about, still dressed. The furniture had been put back. A pork chop had been conjured from the kitchen without his knowledge, and was even then being taken into the bedroom of his Excellency.

The head servant smiled tolerantly at Mr. Cranford. " Naturally his Excellency is hungry now," he said. " He has been praying all night. . . ."

" Well, I never ! " said Mr. Cranford. " A pork chop. . . ."

Late in the afternoon Mr. Su went for a walk. He stood for a moment in the porch and talked to the landlord.

" A fine day, landlord," he said. " In fact, a beautiful day. No doubt you are admiring it yourself ? On a day like this you feel that there is a purpose in life ; you want to compose an ode to the sky, a poem to the elements. . . ." He looked inquiringly at Mr. Cranford.

" Can't say as I do, your Excellency," said Mr. Cranford. " Not in my line, poetry. Though that 's not to say that it 's crazy."

" Then, may I ask what you wish to do on a fine day like this ? "

Mr. Su looked at Mr. Cranford as if he were indeed a strange creature. He was genuinely inquisitive. He needed instruction. Mr. Cranford obliged. " Well, your Excellency, if you 're asking me . . . ! "

" But I am asking you."

" If you 're asking me, I 'd say that I 'd like a nice game of bowls."

" Bowls ? "

" Bowls. Don't tell me you don't know bowls. Here, Mr. Su, if you 've never heard of bowls I 'll take the liberty of asking you to come and watch a game with me. Can't have it said that you 've come to England and don't know bowls when you see it. Back of the house, your Excellency. . . ."

And for the next ten minutes Mr. Cranford laboriously explained to a Chinese Governor the intricacies of the game. His Excellency listened with patience and some show of interest. There is no doubt that he enjoyed the smooth, perfect stretch of green, the splendid mellowness of the wall at the end of the garden, the trimness of the paths. Perhaps he even admired the industry of Mr. Cranford. But it is certain that he did not in the least comprehend the purpose of the game of bowls.

" You see, your Excellency ? There 's brainwork in the game. Not to mention the skill of the arm and the accuracy of the eye. See how the bowl curves ? That 's the bias. Look again at this one . . ."

And he sent another curving smoothly over the clipped grass, while he demonstrated with exaggerated effect the sweep of the arm, the unhurried and graceful bending of the knee, the follow-through.

" See, your Excellency ? "

" No," said his Excellency. And went out for his walk.

Now that in itself might have led Mr. Cranford to be sure that there was something curious in the mental attitude of his strange visitor. He told the story in the bar that night.

" Of course," he said, " East is East. You 've got to remember that."

It was unlikely that any of the regular patrons of the George would forget it, or, for that matter, would ever have cause to use the knowledge. But they nodded sagely, and considered his Excellency a very strange person indeed ; quite as strange as every yellow man was supposed to be. After being introduced to bowls, he had gone out for a walk ! An ordinary walk, when he had all the money in the world to hire a motor-car, even to own one. He had even failed to do any fishing in Burford Widney. That in itself was peculiar.

But that night even Mr. Cranford, who was prepared now to accept anything as normal in his guest, was shocked out of all his usual equanimity. The head servant came to him when he was in the bar at ten o'clock, preparing to begin that mournful chorus which means that the law decrees an end to thirst on the part of all law-abiding persons.

" His Excellency," said the servant, " would like you to join him at twelve o'clock. He is going to read some poems."

" Wassatt ? " exclaimed Mr. Cranford. Then he hastily pushed the emissary out of the bar, lest some patron might hear the awful and embarrassing truth.

" What 's that you say ? His Excellency wants to read poems ? To me ? Well, I never ! And does he often read poems aloud at midnight ? "

The servant was bland and patient. " Always," he said. " He reads from midnight to four o'clock. It is the best time to read poems. The landlord is favoured to be invited to a private reading. They are beautiful poems—written by his Excellency."

" Well, I 'll be—I mean, I am honoured, to be sure, to be sure," said Mr. Cranford in despair. " Midnight, is it ? Well, I never ! "

He told no one of the invitation. He could only half-believe it himself. For safety's sake, he treated himself to a Scotch and water, ate a sandwich, and wondered whether it would be wise to snatch two hours' sleep before the ordeal. He decided against it, busied himself about the inn for two hours, and knocked at the door as the clock struck twelve.

His Excellency sat primly on a stiff chair by himself. He held a slim volume in his hand. " Please be seated, landlord," he said. " In return for your kindness in showing me your game, I am going to read you one of my poems. It is, I think, my best, though on the short side. It takes but two hours of our time, but I wish to write a little more to-night, so that I regret I am unable to give you a long rendering. You are ready ? Then I will begin."

He began to read in a low, unemotional voice that held a quality of love and affection for the words, chosen with care and forethought, put down during many hours of concentration. The poem, much to Mr. Cranford's surprise, was in English, but it did not mean very much to him. About the sky, and running water, and crisp green grass on which there lay petals from the fruit-trees. It was, indeed, strictly horticultural, a series of word-pictures describing one small portion of a small garden, presented again and again with different words, different similes. Mr. Cranford was soon tired of that patch of grass. He had great difficulty in keeping awake. But, as suddenly and inconsequentially as he had begun, Mr. Su had finished. He did not come to the end of his reading with any gesture of finality. He did not slap the covers of the book together with a gesture, or lend drama and climax to his smooth voice. He just read to the last line of the last page of the poem. Then he looked up. " You have enjoyed it ? " he asked.

" Yes," lied Mr. Cranford. " Very much indeed. I think it is a really clever piece of poetry. All that about the grass, your Excellency. Lovely, I call it. And you wrote it yourself ! Think of that ! "

" I do think of that," said Mr. Su. " I am very proud of that."

" Well, I never ! " said Mr. Cranford. And went to bed thinking how strange the East was, that a man should admit, without so much as a disclaimer, that he was proud of one of his own things.

The next day his Excellency left the George Hotel. He left suddenly, calling for the bill, which Mr. Cranford had hardly had time to prepare artistically, having regard to the fact that his visitor was foreign, rich, and an Excellency. Still, the result was satisfactory enough, and a further shock came when the servant came downstairs with a pile of notes in settlement.

" His Excellency has decided to pay you double," said the servant. " He has been comfortable here."

" Well, I never ! " said Mr. Cranford. " Please tell his Excell——" But the servant had already left the room. And from Mr. Su there was only the briefest, most formal of bows when he stepped out of the hotel and into a waiting car.

" Of course," said Mr. Cranford that night, " you 've got to remember that it 's the East. A funny chap, at that. Likeable, in a way. . . ."

Whereas Mr. Su had much more to say on the subject of Mr. Cranford.

" But fantastic ! " he was saying to his secretary. " An incredible people ! In many ways childish with their little games. No religion, no spiritual pleasures, in many ways completely savage, uncultured. And yet—a likeable man, in a manner of speaking. . . ." THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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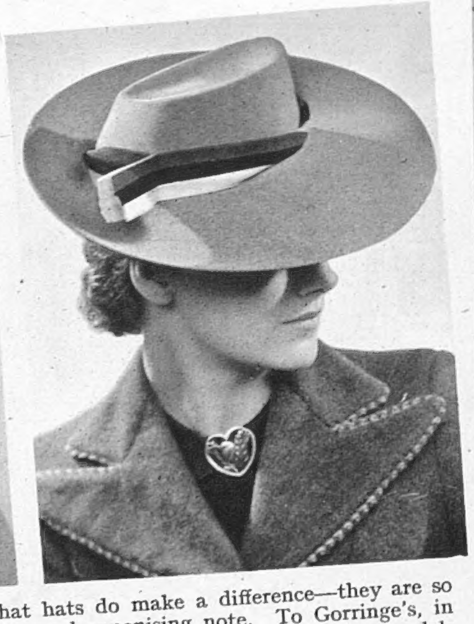
WOMEN IN WARTIME

SIMPLE WASHING-FROCKS
SLIP-ON DRESSES
SHADY FELT HATS

NOW that Easter is over, fashions for the warm weather have to be seriously considered, therefore Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are showing the advance guard of their washing-frocks. They are cut on simple lines, so that the laundress's troubles are simplified. Furthermore, the colours are fast—as a matter of fact, they may be easily washed and ironed at home. Two are pictured on this page. The one on the right is known by the name of "Confetti," on account of the miniature spots with which it is strewn. There are small stitched pockets just below the shoulders, the belt is divided in two, the back portion being of marine-blue petersham. The other dress shows a check design, and is finished with a piqué collar and cuffs and narrow belt.



THERE is no doubt about it that hats do make a difference—they are so useful in striking a contrasting or harmonising note. To Gorringe's, in Buckingham Palace Road, must be given the credit of the spring models above. The shady felt affair on the right is obtainable in many colours, the crown being circled with red and green leather and suède. An important feature of the other model is the "feather" pads that rest on the crown, and are of a different shade to the hat; they are available in many colour schemes. There are hats which are draped with ribbon, the crowns are narrow, and the brims just wide enough to cast becoming shadows across the face.

NO one can cavil at the statement that at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, the fashions are as simple as they are becoming. They are robbed of all complicated fastenings, hence they may be slipped on in the fraction of a second; this is an immense advantage in these strenuous days. The dress in the picture above is of marine-blue crêpe, enriched with padded embroidering; it is simplicity itself, the neck-line is high and the skirt pleated. Great attention is devoted to the neck-lines, while bell sleeves are present in some of the summer fashions; belts also have their rôles to play.

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